

*Complete Story  
In This Issue*

gravely. He sat down in the armchair where he and she had gone over his book. He waited and waited. He stayed until it was nearly 11 o'clock, and left only because he felt it awkward to be around at meal time.

"Of course, it is not her fault," he said to himself as he rode back to Penn City. "She's got to be a companion to the old lady. That's her business. If I'd have only known it though, I might have put in the time to buy that—I could have easy. But damn, I'll do it yet." He hanged on to the flat enthusiastically on to the other.

Two hours more found him staring

"Come inside," invited the agent. Swanson took off his hat and stepped carefully into the empty living room. "I always liked this house," he confided frankly to the agent. "Ever Sunday I used to watch it grow up."

"It's a beauty," agreed the agent. "Big bay window, window seat wide and deep. Genuine fireplace. Hardwood floors. French windows out

the veranda." His snore clatters irreverently into the adjoining room. Swanson followed with more respectful feet. "Dining room on the east side. Gets the first sun in the morning. Cheerful kind of a breakfast room. All bay window. Sky blue paper. Holland border. Rail fence plates and such things about the room. Built-in china closet. Swing for a couple of the chairs. If morning

ing door to the pantry, if your wife has her hands full of dishes, she doesn't need to set them down to turn any knob. Nice pantry. Copper sink. Another swinging door and slide to the kitchen. Not so much room, but you don't want much here. You want your wife to spend her time in other places than the kitchen."

**S**WANSON nodded vigorously and followed the agent back into the small hall on the other side of the door.

the house. "All rooms on one floor," repeated the agent. "Saves your wife thousands of steps a year." As he talked he opened the door of what was evidently a bedroom, but Swanson did no more than peep into it. Somehow, it seemed that he had the right there. He hastily dragged the agent down into the cellar.

"Cement floor. Best kind of heat," chattered the agent. "Keeps an even temperature all night. Still warm in the morning when you get up."

"You have any children, they in appreciate that. Any children?"

Swanson gulped and shook his head.

"Maybe it's pretty big for you then," said the agent. "Now we have a house right in the city on—"

"No, sir," said Swanson. "I'm going to take this one."

"Yes, sir. You'll never regret it," agreed the agent. "I'll give you a best term."

"Won't need that just yet," said Swanson. "A man who works 10 years at five and a quarter a

The hardest thing Swanson ever did was to go through Queenston the following week without blowing "Home, Sweet Home." The next Sunday he was under the Coleman porch at 7 o'clock. But boyishly he wanted to tell her until it was time to leave. Then with his heart in his eyes and eager as a kid he described the house from roof to cellar. The girl listened, drinking in every word. "It must be a wonderful place," she said softly. "I do wish you

the happiness in the world." Swanson was a bit taken back. "Is—Is that all you're going to say?" he stammered.

"What else would you want me to say?" asked the girl gently, looking down into the green valley.

This was still queer. Swanson tried to think quickly and arrive at some following explanation. Perhaps he hadn't known him long enough—perhaps he wouldn't look right. Perhaps a girl didn't want to leave old Mrs. Coleman just yet. He hadn't counted exactly.

on the—but it would be all right. He and the house could wait. As Swanson was picking his thoughts, an expensive motorcar passed along in the road below. The horn called loudly and a young man whom Swanson recognized waved a hand to the car who waved back. Swanson's car grew steeley. The man was young Keena.

"You know him?" he asked gravely.

"He comes here with his mother, Mrs. Goldwyn. Mrs. Keena."

"I thought from his waving you might know him—sort of waving mentioned Swanson. His eyes were very still."

"I do know him well," said the girl. "One thing has interested me very much. His voice always sounds familiar to me, and he says things to him. But neither of us can imagine where we ever say or heard of either before. Mrs. Coleman says so. romantic. Can you imagine what?"

"Don't know—don't know," interjected Swanson stubbornly. For a minute he was silent, then with a wistful light in his eyes he said good-by and went down the drive.

Down at the quiet little station drew the agent aside. "Matt, did you mean a month or so ago or you said I might lose out? Did you ever hear anything about some else going with the lady up at C. man's?"

Matt turned away uneasily.

"I want you to tell me," said Swanson, gripping the assent's handle. "I'm not going to hurt anybody, only want to know."

"I never heard much," protested Mattern uncomfortably.

"Then that's all you got to tell me?"

"I don't believe much in—"

"What did you hear, Matt, I ask you?"

"—MY wife just heard that

help up at Coleman's—  
stopped.

"You got to tell me," decried Swanson grimly. "You might as have it over with."

"Well, they just said," slammed the agent, "that they believed he nicer to young Keena after pays you back enough for do-

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## Belgium and Holland Agree Concerning River Scheldt And Denmark Gets Schleswig

It is not true that the aristocrat of Holland, or any class of people in Holland, and much less the priest of the castle which the Kaiser temporarily rented, desired the Kaiser's presence; but the Queen of Holland is related to the Kaiser both by blood and by marriage. He appealed to her, and it is doubtful whether the most radical of Dutchmen would have been content, if she had refused to appeal through fear of the action of the Allies.

Notwithstanding the cessation of Schleswig from German to Danish rule, the Danes are not without anxieties. They do not care to be forced on them a German-thing and a German-speaking population which may in time make them their government most uncomfortable.

collabories under the very shadow of the gallows, which threatened to destroy her year after year ever since 1864.

The remark must have commenced relations with Germany, although bulk of her exports have recently been sent to the United States. Her methods of German efficiency, she knows, too, that the German people have been able to achieve the Schlieffen and the rectification of territory as a just measure. Germany has been able to achieve the Schlieffen and the rectification of territory as a just measure. Germany has been able to achieve the Schlieffen and the rectification of territory as a just measure.

"I dropped portulacae and the tramp went down wearily to the bungalow at the edge of the woods. Somehow it looked small and very humble in his new home.

"'I wish we wasn't made for a lady, Little House,' he said, his voice choking him. 'But I'm not going to sell you. We got to stick together. It'll be just you and me, now, and I'll be a good boy to you.' He got up and said for a pass out around the Pacific Coast. The trainmaster to him it would take nearly a week to get it. They'd have to write on it transportation.

"'I'll pay my way, then, once like a man.'

It was almost a month before the

up on the hill, lay the red brick  
Pennsylvania. He could see the  
down to the white and high  
clock were waiting for the  
o'clock west-bound express.  
looked at his watch. Three miles  
to 11—the express was due at 11.  
There it was, along the river!  
could hear the unmistakable P  
It was too late. She was up the  
on the platform in that black  
white sprinkling of people. In a n  
she would be getting on the  
press—she knew where. He wou  
be able to find her again—to find  
whether she did care.  
His eyes suddenly cracked

eyes stretched them. He doubted he  
knew the man. There, with the familiar black  
bag in her hand uncertain whether  
to run or stay, hovered a girl in  
a white dress. She was a cleanly fast  
looking girl, comely and pure, the  
softest of black hair and the purest  
look in her eyes that Swanson had  
ever seen. He came up to her, breath-  
ing deeply.

"You didn't go!" he marvel-  
ed. "You heard me. What did  
it say?"

The girl seemed only conscious  
of the staring faces about her.

"Take me away somewhere," she  
whispered.

"Where did it say?" asked Swanson.

ROD.

"The Flume question has been acronizing," she declared prominently. "I have been brought back on her promise. France and England and the United States have sought a solution and the latest in the world is the Flume question. Only when this is accomplished do we begin to breathe freely."

She then turned to the first of the bourgeois last Nov. 4, referred to at the time as "his political valdatory France," and reminded the audience of the national liberation and the justice. Among its most striking passages were:

"The world's only salvation from the social and economic chaos of France which it is now emerging is work."